

THE
Tabern Hunter :
OR, A
Drunken Ramble
From the
CROWN
To the
DEVIL.

L O N D O N :

Printed, and are to be Sold by the Booksellers of *London* and *Westminster*, 1702.

Charles Dumas

Druckers Kampfe

C R O W N

D H I L



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Tabern Hunter ;

O R, A
Drunken Ramble
 From the
CROWN to the DEVIL.

When th' World was so wicked that *Drinking and Roaring*
 Had quite got the start of *Intriguing and Whoring*,
 And *WINE* was become a most prevalent fashion,
 Throughout the whole drowthy degenerate Nation ;
 'Twas then each Inebrious Fantastical Dolt,
 Began to disdain the good Name of *Old Malt* :
 Na, those who had liv'd, and were Rich by the Sale
 Of *Belch*, as some call it, but I say *Good Ale*,
 Were prodigal grown, and too saucy to Quench
 Their drowthy Salivals without *Flask of French*,
 Contemning at Home their own wholsom and Nappy
 Malt Liquors, that made them so rich and so happy.
 Just so the Young *Libertine* often despises,
 A loving Old Wife by whose Money he rises,
 Consuming those Sums which by her he's acquir'd,
 On some soothing Jilt with more Beauty inspir'd.

A 2

Each



Each *City Mechanick* too proud is to Dine,
 Sup, talk or make Bargains, but over his *Wine*.
 The Flask of *French Claret*, *Monteth*, and *Flint Glasses*,
 Are Tavern delights only worth his Embraces.
 When Cuckolds of Old did not scruple, or scorn,
 To tipple *good Ale* out of *Leather* and *Horn*,
 And over Malt Juice were as frolick and merry,
 As those o'er *French Claret*, or *Spanish Canary*.

The Preacher can scarce to his Pulpit ascend,
 And beat up his Cusheon to that pious end,
 Of teaching Mankind to despise and subdue,
 Their Lusts after Tipple, and t'other thing too,
 Before he has cherish'd the Veins of his heart,
 And strengthen'd his Lungs with a Pint, or a Quart;
 So Hipocrite Sinners who free would be thought
 From Evils, in which they were never yet caught,
 Do others condemn and severely reprove,
 For Vices themselves do both practice and Love.

Not Vertue, or Wit, but more prevalent *Wine*,
 Does Mankind in friendly Societies join.
 We chuse not our Friends now by honest behaviour,
 Or love 'em because they are Wiser, or Braver;
 We value no Excellence lodg'd in the Noddle,
 Except strength of Brain in a Man that can Fuddle,
 All other Perfections but little are thought-on,
 Who Drinks a whole Night is the friend that we dote-on;
 At Temperance rales when himself is got mellow,
 And damns *him* reserv'd as a cinical Fellow.
 In this corrupt Age this is he that's a Winner
 Of Love, from the Priest, to the profligate Sinner;
 For Vertuous Examples we're apt to despise,
 And hug as dear Friends our Companions in Vice.

When thus our mad Island to *Wine* was bewitch'd,
 And after brisk *Claret* our Appetites itch'd,

I left

I left off *Old Ale* with intention to try,
 What pleasures did in this new *Vanity* ly,
 In order to taste the delights of the *Bottle*,
 I chose out a Friend for the sake of some *Tattle*,
 Who Living near *L---gate*, and as we came down
 The *Hill*, we agreed to step into the *Crown*,
 That lofty Abode which to any Man's thinking,
 Is stately enough for a Monarch to drink-in,
 And goes at that Rent, I may modestly say-it,
 That few *German* Princes are able to pay-it;
 No sooner we enter'd this glorious Mansion,
 But Drawers stood ready to give their Attention,
 And welcom'd us in, whilst a Lady as gay,
 As a new marry'd Bride, or the Goddess of *May*,
 Rung's in with a peal, Crying, *Will, Harry, Tom*,
 Where are you all? pray, show the Gentlemen a Room,
 So brisk in her Bar, and her Business we found-her,
 With Glasses like Diamonds all glittering round-her,
 So fleshy and plump, and so pleasant and cheary,
 Fed up with nice Bits, and good Draughts of *Canary*,
 That no Dame *Elizabeth*, that jolly Maid,
 With *Pantustle* strutting and *Fardingals* spread,
 Tho' mounted on Throne could more graceful appear,
 Than fine Madam tippie-Sack plac'd in her Bar;
 In each pritty Ear hung a Drop, or a Pendant,
 As big as a Grape looking very transcendant,
 Her lilly white Neck being equally fine,
 With a Necklace of Pearl, never cast before Swine;
 Her Thumb was Hoop'd round with the Token of Marriage,
 So fine was her Dress, and so Stately her Carriage,
 And round her Bluff Presence attending their stood,
 Of jolly chuff Draw'rs such a *Bachanal* Brood,
 That we as we pass'd thought no other Good take-us,
 Than that she was Queen to the jolly God *Bacchus*.

The next that we met was the Lord of the Tippie,
 Who look'd as if wean'd much too soon from the Nipple,

He made us his Honours according to Fashion,
 And welcom'd us in with a kind Salutation,
 Expressing in Gesture as much Complaisance,
 As any new Beau just come over from *France*,
 But had a poor Carcase so slender and Meagre,
 As if he drank nothing but Wine that is *Eager*,
 I th' Yard of a Tanner the thinnest of Hides,
 When Tan'd, is as thick as the Flesh of his Sides,
 And as for his Jaws they're as plump and as full,
 As a Parchment Indenture strain'd over a Skull,
 He seem'd so amazing, that as for my part,
 Had I seen him Arm'd but with Hour-glass and Dart,
 I should have been struck with a terrible dread,
 And thought I had met the Grim King of the Dead.

These two, says my Friend, are just match'd, I protest,
 Like a Supper at *Shrovetide* so much in Request,
 And look, when in Bed, (if I am not mistaken)
 Like a little lean Cock, and a Huge piece of Bacon.
 The Drawers up Stairs having show'd us a Room,
 Where Faggot with stumps of an old Birchen Broom
 Instead of a Brush, he set nimbly on Fire,
 Which cherish'd our Limbs as our hearts did desire;
 For *Claret* we call'd, and he brought us up good,
 We drank till we added new life to our Blood,
 And in a short time with our Fire and our Wine,
 Without sive we glow'd, and were Chearful within.

This *Claret* as sure, says my Friend, as we're here,
 Kills many a thousand o'th' *French* in a Year,
 And keeps the brave *Germans* as safe and as heart-hole,
 As if the bold Hero's like Gods were Immortal,
 For here the *Post-Boy* and *Post-Man* are Corrected,
 And when News is scarce here it's often projected,
 For he who for Int'rest pretends to report
 How Actions are Canvas'd in Camp, or at Court,
 Where Truth's hard to come at, too often supplies
 Its place with Conjectures and Probable Lies,

From

From thence do I therefore more reas'nably think,
 The *Wine* of this House which the Post-mongers drink,
 Does furnish their Brains with more News, as I take it,
 Than Males by the *Brill-Boat*, or *Amsterdam Packet*.
 By this time we'ad chearfully tip'd of our Glasses,
 Till warmth and Gay Blushes flush'd into our Faces,
 Then with one Consent from our Seats we both started,
 At Bar paid the Reck'ning, and thence we departed.

The very next Tavern we found, as our way,
 Or *Wine-Brewers House*, as a body may say,
 Stood down in a Court of a Lecherous Name,
 Where Bucks that are Wild may have Does that are Tame,
 And if in their sporting they meet with a Clap,
 There lives a young Doctor can cure the Mishap,
 His Majesty's Arms are hung out for a Sign,
 To make us believe they draw *Sovereign Wine*.
 Beneath on two Posts stand a couple of Goats,
 As Emblems how Leachery reigns thereabouts,
 Whose Horns are an Eye-fore, as some do aver-Sirs,
 To sev'ral near Cuckoldy *Drapers* and *Mercers*,
 This Tavern we enter'd our Humours to please,
 And raise up a Fuddle by gentle degrees,
 For *Wine* if not guzzl'd, but drank with due leisure,
 Agrees best with Nature, and lengthens our pleasure.

I'th' Bar sat a Dame of a corpulent grace,
 With white hood ty'd close to her Motherly Face,
 Whose Thighs seem'd so fat, I may venture to say,
 She has not fat cross-Leg'd this many a day;
 Her thoughts to no Locketts or Pearl did aspire,
 No fine *Macklin* Head-dress, or gaudy Attire,
 She values those Trifles no more, on my word,
 Than a Sow that is pamper'd with Peas, does a T---d,
 But sits in her Bar like a thrifty old Granny,
 And thinks of no pleasure but getting of Money;
 The Weather b'ing Cold we step'd into the Kitchen,
 Having call'd for a Pint which the Drawer was fetching,

Two Spits at the Fire run merrily round,
 A Pot too was boiling but nothing we found
 But Veal in the Porridge-pot, Veal on the Spits,
 Sure Veal, said I's, highly belov'd by the Cits,
 And further enquir'd when they brought us our Wife,
What Guest were on this formal Dinner to Dine?
 The Drawer Reply'd, they were Booksellers all
 That shar'd the great Work of the Learn'd Mr. Col.
 Who meet on this day to be frolick and merry,
 And drink good success to their new Dictionary:
But prithee, said I, can'st thou tell me the reason,
Why Veal, with their Stomachs, is so much in season?
 O Sir, says the Drawer, take this for a Rule,
He always loves Coney, who deals in the Wool.
 So Booksellers covet Veal so much the rather,
Because their best Books are bound up in Calves Leather,
 Well pleas'd with the Jest that the Drawer Return'd,
 We drank off our Couple of Pints and adjourn'd,
 Not seeing the Master who baulk'd our design,
 B'ing busy i'th' Cellar in Brewing his Wine.

The next Neighb'ring Tavern we Rambl'd to, was
 The Sign of the Greyhound with Puffs in his Jaws,
 The Bar was adorn'd with a pritty fair Creature,
 Good Humour'd, Genteel, and of toll'able Feature,
 The Husband so Active, Obliging and Civil,
 No Vint'ner exceeds 'twixt the Crown and the Divel;
 For sake of the Fire the Kitchen we went-in,
 And Order'd a Pint of good Red to be sent-in,
 Which prov'd such Rich Juice it could scarce be exceeded,
 Na, Bacchus, that Judge, must have lik'd it as we-did,
 We drank till a Noise so Confounded our Ears,
 From the Bells of St. Brides Chiming all into Pray'rs,
 That up we both started, and paid for our Tipple,
 Quite stun'd with the Din of the Jangling Steeple.

From thence we adjourn'd to the Keys of St. Peter,
 So term'd cause it makes good both Rhime and my Metor,
 Which

Which lately in *Fleetstreet* was very well known,
 By th' Sign of that mutable Lady the *Moon*,
 So fickle a house that it will not seem strange,
 In case it should soon have another New Change:
 However we both thought it proper to enter,
 Resolving on one Pint of *Claret* to venture,
 We bolted accordingly into the House,
 Where Ringing of Bar-bell according to use,
 The Running of Drawers, and Crying of *Wine*,
 Were *Bacchinal* sounds that we met with within;
 The Bar, we imagin'd, was rul'd by the VVife,
 That comfort and ease of a marry'd-Man's Life,
 Not little and pritty or 'f Bulk to be comely,
 Betwixt fat and lean neither handsome or homely;
 VVe left her adorn'd with her feminine Glories,
 And mov'd forward into the Cook's Territories,
 The Wine which we call'd for, by this time was brought,
 Which prov'd, without flatt'ry, a good common Draught,
 My Friend being frolicksome, airy and mellow,
 He cast a *Goats Eye*, on the Cook *Blouzabella*,
 And fill'd her a Bumper, who willingly drank,
 Rewarding his Love with a *Drop* and a *Thank*;
 As she was returning the Glas to the Stool,
 My Friend, being merry, must needs play the fool,
 And bobbing her Belly, cry'd, *Honey, I find*,
 Before thou'rt as bald as *Old Time* is behind.
 To which she reply'd, 'tis no matter a Rush,
 Good things, like good Wine, have no need of a bush;
 This Jest of the Wench help'd us down with our Wine,
 So laughing we paid, and adjourn'd to the *Vine*.

This House had the Sign of the *Dragon* of late,
 VVhere *Ratliff* in's Ramble drew Sword upon *Kate*,
 VVe stept in a doors, were show'd into a Room,
 VVhere Fav'rites were chiefly admitted to come,
 The Bar-Keeper being so civil and kind
 To open her Hatch, and admit us behind,

We cannot (except with the Guile of Ill-nature,)
 But say she's a handsome and good humour'd Creature,
 For who from that Sex can a favour receive,
 And not return back full as good as they give;
 The Drawer, like Mercury, nimble as thought,
 Brought VVine like to Nectar, true Juice without fau'r,
 VVhich had such a charm in its fine Purple Face,
 It rais'd a new Gust to each following Glas.
 This House, says my Friend, once lay under the Odium,
 Of b'ing full as wicked as ever was Sodom,
 And when 'twas the Dragon was Night-house and Day-house,
 For Strumpets far worse than the Rose by the Play-house,
 That thro' the whole House ev'ry Chair was a cripple,
 B'ing broke in the Back by the Sins of the People;
 Yet he that's defunct, fortune blest his Endeavours,
 And made him grow Rich by the Sins of Bum-heavers:
 But now it's so chang'd, I may venture to say,
 A Maid ha'n't been Kiss'd there this many a-day,
 Or Maidenhead lost, as the Drawers maintain-it,
 E'er since the new Master and Mistress came in-it.

Altho' the rich Tipple we highly approv'd,
 And thought it deserv'd to be prais'd and belov'd,
 Yet having more Wine-bibing Visits to make,
 A large Dose at one House was too much to take,
 So drank but two Pints, and from thence made a Skip,
 To th' very next Tavern the sign of the Ship.

A Pigmy we found at the Door next the Street,
 Ty'd Round with Blue Apron that hung to his feet,
 Whose Noddle was Crown'd with a Coney-wool-Caster,
 To show that the little pert thing was the Master;
 From Heels of his Shoes to the Crown of his Hat,
 He's not above yard and an half, if he's that,
 Yet thought I believe, as your Dargins are wont,
 He was able to Vic with a great John of Gaunt,
 He Ushur'd us in, where the Bar was possess'd
 By a Lady but very indifferently dress'd,

In no *India-Sattings* but strong *Norwich Geer*,
 Such Stuff as good provident Housewives should ware,
 And some People say, tho' I doubt whether true,
 It's by her kind keeper thought good enough too;
 My Friend and I now being willing to Dine,
 VVe sent for a shell-fish to Relish our *Wine*,
 And found my good Landlord so cunning a Dabster,
 To Score seven Groats for a two Shilling *Lobster*,
 VVhich so disoblig'd us we left half our Liquor,
 And paid in a fret, so adjourn'd to the *Miter*.

VVe pass'd thro' an Entry, 'f I am not mistain,
 Twas shorter by something than *Chancery Lane*,
 But scarce was so wide, without Jestings or Laughing,
 As any Grave dug for a middle siz'd Coffing,
 However we travel'd along to the end-on't,
 Where sat a sweet Creature in Beaury transcendant,
 So Modestly pritty, so charmingly fair,
 The like sure before was ne're seen in a Bar,
 She look'd like a Maid tho' she'd long been a VVife,
 How blest is her Husband, how happy his life,
 To meet in an Age when Just Women are scarce,
 As a sentence of Wit in a dull Modern *Farce*,
 Not only so handsome a Wife but a good one
 A Cinick must love, or a Monarch be proud-on,
 We Cross'd the pav'd yard, being both of Opinion,
 To take up our Seats in the warmest Dominion,
 Well knowing where e'er Mistress Cook Rules the Roast,
 She never will want a good Fire in a Frost;
 No sooner we'd chose out a place that was proper
 For each to sit easy, and pleasure his Crupper,
 But in comes the Master, and Bows with a Grace,
 With's Hat in his Hand, and good Humour in's Face,
Pray, Gentlemen, what sort of Wine are you for,
 Said I, some good Claret, I'll bring it you, Sir;
 He drew it himself, and returns in a trice,
 With a Pint of no better e'er drank of the Price.

This

This Man, says my Friend, for some time I have known,
 An Honest Vintner lives not in the Town,
 The pains that he takes, and the Wine that he draws,
 Deserves a good Trade, and a gen'ral Applause,
 He draws most himself, and is so free and easy,
 In giving attendance his Drawers grow Lazy,
 You see he's as nimble's a *Barthol'mew* Tumbler,
 And has but one fault, which is great, he's a F---bler,
 For tho' he's been Marry'd some years, yet he never
 Could raise up one Poppet to Crown his endeavour,
 Tho' all Men believe, as 'tis reason they shou'd,
 His Wife being so pritty, he wou'd if he cou'd,
 But tho' he oft tries, yet he can't for his Blood:
 As thus we were talking I hapnen'd to look,
 Tow'rds the side of the fire where sat *Mistress Cook*,
 The Drawers around her expressing much sorrow,
 Because the good Girl was to go on the morrow,
I care not, says she, *'tis the least of my Grief,*
My Master can't say I'm a Whore, or a Thief,
I know why I go, 'tis my Mistress desire,
She talks on me now, for my Cheeks are on fire;
 I know 'tis my Looks that does Madam displease,
 Cause Gentlemen say I'm as handsome as she is,
 And she who conceits that her self is so pritty,
 Is mad that her Maid is thought equal in Beauty;

The Drawers concern, and the Wenches surmise,
 Dilated our Hearts till we drip'd at the Eyes,
 Till tir'd with laughing then calling to pay,
 Our Shots we discharg'd, so took leave and away
 And thro' the long Entry half muddl'd we slunk,
 Where no Man can Reel be he never so Drunk.

The next was the *Crown*, where, by common Discourse,
 The Man is so rich he's grown proud of his Purse,
 However we enter'd regarding not that,
 To Taste by what Wine he had got his Estate.
 The first noble Scene was the Wife in her Bar,
 As stately and proud as the *Muscovy* Czar,

Who

Who seem'd to resent it a mighty Dishonour,
 That as we pass'd by we shou'd look but upon-her,
 We order'd the Drawer to show us a Room,
 And bid him prevail with his Master to come,
 Who after some Minutes we'd waited his leisure,
 Came in very stately demanding our pleasure;
 We told him we troubl'd him with no design,
 But t' only entreat him to draw us good Wine;
 He ask'd us, *What Price we were willing to drink-at?*
 We answer'd, Eighteen, crying, what Price d'ye think-at?
I've none at that rate you'll be pleas'd with I'm sure,
For Half Crown the Bottle I'll draw you a Flow'r,
And he that pretends to sell good at your Price,
I'll vouch him a Knave, and I'll tell him he lies.
 Indeed, said I, Master, we've no foolish Pence,
 Come, Come, says my Friend, it's full time to go hence;
 To give such a Price let us not be so simple,
 But leave him to Cheat the young Squires of the *Temple*,
 So rose from our Seats without thoughts of complying,
 And left his good Wine to grow better by lying.

From thence we march'd on till we came to the *Fountain*,
 A Tavern not far from the Church of *Sr. Dunstan*,
 And when we got thither it made us both stare,
 To see a new Religion crept into the Bar,
 A stiff-rump in *Querpo*, more graver than wise,
 Stood pent in a Hut, and appear'd so precise,
 That truly I fear'd we had done what's unfitting,
 And 'stead of a *Tavern* stept into a *Meeting*.
 At last the Monteths, and the Glasses we spy'd,
 And Pottle-pot *Shaftbury* tap'd in the side,
 With bundles of Flasks hanging up, by which sight
 Upon due Recollection we found we were Right;
 So call'd for a Room which was Instantly shew'd,
 And order'd a Pint which was brought very good;
 We 'nquir'd of the Drawer, *What made such a Change here?*
And how the Bar came to be kept by a Stranger?

D

Who

who told us a *Statute*, that ugly disaster,
 VVas lately befall'n his unfortunate Master,
 Who had for some Years been declining and Crazy,
 His Merchants too sharp, and his Drawers too Lazy,
 Which careless Mismanagement now had undone him,
 And brought, to his Grief, this misfortune upon him,
 And that the Commissioners fearing to trust
 A Man of the Church, who was Honest and Just,
 Had put in a *Quaker* to Govern the House,
 Who, tho' he could scarcely say *Boo to a Goose*,
 Yet knew, he'd engage, upon what side his bread,
 (As well as another) the Butter was spread,
 And was no such starch'd conscientious bubble,
 As not to be paid very well for his trouble.
 This story of Ruin did so penetrate us,
 In spite of good *Claret* it gave us the status;
 Pox on't, says my Friend, the damn'd name of a *Statute*,
 Has curd'd my blood tho' I've nothing to say to't;
 Come prithee let's go, 'tis not safe to be spending
 Our time in a place where there's Ruin depending,
 So quitted this House which had got the King's Evil,
 And being near Drunk we reel'd on to the *Devil*.

We pop'd in a doors with our Cherry-Cheeks glowing,
 Which told by their ruddiness what we'd been doing,
 The Drawer soon shew'd us a Room that was fitting,
 Not far from the Bar where my Lady was sitting,
 Then brought us according to Order our *Claret*,
 Altho' our weak Brains were scarce able to bear it,
 Yet still we drank on to and fro 'cross the Table,
 Resolving to sip till our Heads were unable,
 At last we o'er-heard such a noise in the Bar,
 Such clashing of Tongues like a Domestic War,
 Such grating of Teeth, and such spitting of Venom,
 As if a Bore-Cat had been wooing his Grannum;
Ad blefs us, said I, *we are fled from one Evil*,
 And pop'd into Hell fire, instead of the Devil.

At last the Contention grew louder and greater,
 And then we most plainly discover'd the matter;
 The Wife, and the Husband, as envious as Witches,
 Were clawing each other in Right of the Breeches,
 And tho' a long time they had thus been divided,
 The contest I fear, to this day's undecided.
 He cry'd, *You're a Beast*; She reply'd, *You're a Dog*,

A Pill-giving Possessing Diaculum R-gue;
 Did I not save you from spreading of Plaister,
 And Curbing your Slaps, and shall you be my Master?
 No faith, I look'd for a Fool you have mist-her,
 I'll give you a Bum if I stoop to a Glister.
 Cats-buds, my Friend, by the words she has said,
 Her Husband must be an Apothecar' bred;
 Ads heart, I shall fancy his Wine is a potion,
 The next drop I drink on't will give me a motion;
 It Gripes me already, come prithee let's go
 And spin out the Night at the Devil below.

From thence we accordingly jostl'd along,
 To th' Devil of Old quite forsaking the Young.
 Here Bacchus appear'd in his Glory to greet-us,
 And swarms of Attendance stood ready to meet-us,
 Who show'd us a little snug Room very near,
 No Cob-webs o'er-head, neither Spawl under-feet,
 Our Wine was brought in without Ringing and Bawling,
 Two Candles, a handful of Pipes without Calling,
 A Chamber-pot too they were careful to bring-in,
 Which few Drawers use under seven times Ringing.
 In short their Attendance seem'd fond to be busy,
 And study'd to make every Company easy,
 The House was all pleasant, the Master was civil,
 His Wine very good, let the Sign be the Devil;
 His Mansion is large, and his Charges are great,
 His Trade much too little to gain an Estate;
 The Apollo is fine, but it never was fill'd-yet,
 And scarce e'er will Earn what it first Cost to build-it,

'Tis large, I confess, and so curiously painted,
 'Twou'd make a fine Chappel if 'twas but once Sainted;
 But why Call'd *Apollo* I'm certain almost-on't,
 'Tis not from his Wit who was first at the Cost-on't,
 But rather because 'tis so big (Heavens bless us)
 Besides the *Nine Muses*, 'twill hold all *Pernassus*.

Both pleas'd with the Room, our Attendance and Wine,
 We staid and quite finish'd our Drunken Design,
 Our hearts b'ing so light, and our Brains full of Vapour,
 We fancy'd our selves to be Kites made of Paper,
 And each time we piss'd we had hold of a thing,
 Which both of us took for the Pack-thread, or String;
 But finding our Lines were abundance too short,
 It hindred our flights, and prevented our sport,
 We slept for some time till the Whimly was gone,
 Then reel'd home on foot, and let flying alone,
 Slip'd into our Kennels our Lodgings b'ing near,
 And cantaliz'd Drowth with the Dreams of Small Beer.

FINIS

